

The Enterprise.

VOL. 6.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

NO. 17.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:12 A. M. Daily.	
10:49 P. M. Daily.	
12:55 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
2:57 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:38 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:04 P. M. Daily.	
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross. 6:49, 7:18, 7:57, 8:01, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M. 3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:38, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21 and every 15 minutes thereafter until 7:00 P. M. 7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23. All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot. First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M. Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 7:45 4:15
" South. 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSURES.

North. 8:50 12:30
South. 7:00 7:00
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
G. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

REPORT ON ARID LAND BILL.

Newlands Measure Approved in Committee.

Washington.—Representative Wilson of Idaho has reported from the Committee on Irrigation the Newlands bill providing for the irrigation of the arid lands of the West. Wilson, Newlands, King, Bell and others from the arid region have been industriously working for the past two months to secure favorable action by the committee of the House upon this measure. Senator Hensbrough has prepared and secured favorable action upon a similar measure in the Senate. It remains to be seen whether the Speaker will recognize any one to secure consideration for the bill at this session. But the fact that the Republican platform adopted in Philadelphia earnestly approves irrigation legislation is used as a reason why the Speaker should act. Whether he does or not, Senator Hensbrough has the assurance that the salient features of the Newlands-Hensbrough bill will be incorporated as an amendment in the sundry civil appropriation bill, so there is a growing prospect of legislation designed to irrigate the arid regions, though it may not pass this session of Congress.

Representative Tongue of Oregon and Wilson of Idaho indulged in rather spirited exchanges in the House Committee on Arid Lands over the report of the Newlands-Hensbrough bill. Wilson had moved to report the bill and when the chairman, Tongue, declined to entertain the motion, the Idaho member commented in a personal manner on the chairman's course. The matter was amicably adjusted, however.

Venezuelan Trouble Adjusted. Willemstad (Island of Curacao).—The asphalt controversy has been temporarily adjusted by the diplomacy of the United States Minister, Francis B. Loomis, and the matter will doubtless go to the courts.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

The hatchery at Mapleton, Or., will this year turn out a large number of salmon.

The Everett Chamber of Commerce has recommended a raise in the liquor license of the city.

The Red Cross Society of North Yakima contemplates erection of a memorial fountain in honor of the heroes who fell in battle at Manila.

It is thought by farmers and gardeners in the suburbs of Tacoma that the cold weather of last week did much to kill off the pupae of the variegated cutworm which went into the earth last fall.

The dedication of the new Methodist Church building at Olympia has been postponed until March 3 on account of delays in transmission of materials for the windows.

Henry Cowell, the Santa Cruz capitalist, proposes to present the State with a forest of 300 acres in Mendocino county. It contains many large redwood trees. The only restriction to be placed on the gift is that it be permitted to remain untouched.

Lindenberg & Alter, of Astoria, have awarded the contract for construction of a cold storage plant. The building will be two stories high and have all modern equipments.

Fishermen and seiners at Astoria are preparing for the coming season's work, and agents are giving out twine as fast as it arrives. It is thought that there may be a slight decrease in the number of boats on the river this year, but the traps and seines will be as numerous as formerly.

Complaints have been heard from people living along the Lewis and Clark, Or., against the conduct of the loggers blocking the stream, and it is probable that the County Court will investigate the matter. There are several million feet of logs in the river, and, as they are not properly boomed, they float up and down the stream with the tide, damaging bridges and dikes.

An interclub wrestling tournament for four men has been arranged between the Olympic Club of San Francisco, and the Multnomah Club of Portland, Or., and will take place early in March. The Multnomahs sent down a challenge for the Olympic Club to send its two best men up there to meet Greenland and Johnson. F. H. Bayly, the champion of the Olympic Club and of America, is unable to make the trip, and R. B. Cornell and Braun will probably go north if the matter of weight can be adjusted satisfactorily.

Heretofore it has been against the law to import into Fresno county any vines, whether resistant or non-resistant, the theory being that phylloxera could be introduced on the resistant and spread to the non-resistant. Since phylloxera has manifested itself in scattered places, the necessity for remedial measures has become urgent. The theory set out is not sustained, and the Supervisors have adopted an ordinance permitting the importation of vines resistant to the phylloxera, to become operative after publication for three weeks.

The prospects for an immense crop of honey in San Diego county this year are excellent. It will need only a few late rains to give the county the biggest honey crop that it has ever had. The season for taking off honey usually does not open until May, but the bees are already at work on the blossoms of the manzanita and greasewood bushes, and though most of what is now being made is for the bees' own consumption, there are indications that the latter part of April will see the commencement of the honey harvest. The harvest keeps up until the bee feed gives out, and with the heavy fall of rain during the past two or three weeks it seems likely that the season will last even beyond the usual limits this year.

Discharged From the Army.

Washington.—According to an order issued at the War Department, Captain Cyril King, assistant quartermaster, United States Army, has been discharged from the service of the United States by direction of the President, "his services being no longer required." This action indicates that Captain King will not be court-martialed for alleged misconduct.

Great Strike Threatened.

Pittsburg.—Unless the master builders of this city comply with the demands of the Building Trades Council, a general strike will be declared, which will involve at least 150,000 workmen. Nearly every mechanic in the city is demanding an advance of from 5 to 20 per cent. The date upon which many of the building trades scale is fixed is April 1st.

VALUE OF HUNTINGTON ESTATE

Inheritance Tax Shows Its Worth to Be About Eighty Million Dollars.

New York.—The executors of the estate of the late C. P. Huntington have deposited with Controller Coler a certified check for \$700,000 to cover the inheritance tax which will be collected by the State. The deposit indicates the worth of the estate at the time of the testator's death to have been approximately \$70,000,000, which has now been increased one-seventh, making its present worth \$80,000,000. Action is taken at this time to save 5 per cent by making the deposit within the specified period.

Much comment will result from the size of the check, which indicates that the Huntington estate in value will more than double the estimate placed upon it at the death of the California pioneer. When the will was filed for probate last August, Russell Sage expressed the opinion that the Huntington fortune would fall short of \$30,000,000. The executors have indicated that it will amount to more than twice that sum.

Owing to the rise in railroad securities during the last six months the Huntington estate is now worth almost, if not quite \$10,000,000 more than it was when the will was probated. As the inheritance tax is based upon the value at the time of the death of the testator, the estate would now seem to be worth approximately \$80,000,000, a sum far in excess of the most liberal estimate ever made of his fortune during the lifetime of Huntington.

No statement as to how the Huntington millions are invested has yet been made by the executors. That will become public when the appraisal has been established. Exactly how great the increase in the value of securities has been since the death of Huntington only the executors are in a position to tell. If the estate has, as it is credited with holding, 700,000 shares of Southern Pacific stock, the increase in the value of those securities alone amounts to \$9,100,000, there having been an upward movement of thirteen points in Southern Pacific since last August.

Few even of Huntingtons' personal friends would have believed he possessed a fortune that would more than rival that left by Cornelius Vanderbilt. The inheritance tax on the Vanderbilt estate was not much more than \$500,000. One reason why the Huntington millions were so generally underestimated is that Huntington frequently asserted that he was operating on borrowed capital. He was able to give some proof of the truth of what he said, and so it came to be believed that he did not belong among the category of men of great wealth.

NEW BILLS OF INTEREST.

Large Sum Asked for Construction of Tunnel Through Telegraph Hill.

Sacramento.—In the Senate Asse of San Francisco introduced the Telegraph Hill tunnel bill. The bill appropriates \$125,000 to assist the city and county of San Francisco in running a tunnel from a point on Montgomery street near Jackson to the intersection of Montgomery and Lombard, and provides that the construction of it shall be under the direction of the Board of Supervisors and the Board of Public Works. The bill directs that the State Board of Examiners shall not approve any accounts in connection with the work until it is shown that one-half of the amount of each account has been paid by the city. All material taken from the tunnel, or as much of it as they desire, is to be delivered to the Harbor Commissioners.

At the request of a constituent Smith of Los Angeles offered the following bill: "Every person elected to an office at any regular or special election, and accepting or holding office thereunder, shall be considered a nominee to succeed himself for the same office at any succeeding election, and as such nominee his name under the title of 'present incumbent' shall be printed first on every ballot used for voting by any and all persons legally entitled to vote for a nominee to fill said office; provided, however, if said incumbent shall serve written notice not less than sixty days previous to said election on the County Clerk of the county in which said election is to be held, objecting thereto; then his name shall not be printed on said ballot as aforesaid."

Shortridge of Santa Clara offered a series of bills appropriating a total of \$41,000 for various improvements at Agnews Asylum.

Smith of Los Angeles introduced a bill appropriating \$11,000 for furnishing the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court.

Tyrell of San Francisco introduced a bill to regulate the practice of pharmacy.

Tilly Likely to Return to Samoa.

Washington.—The regular term of service of Commander Benjamin F. Tilly, the commandant of the naval station at Tutuila, Samoa, will soon expire and he will come home on leave of absence. It is probable that the Navy Department, however, will give him an additional assignment to the command of the station, as he is willing to return there and his administration of affairs has given much satisfaction to the natives of the island under his charge.

RUSSIA'S TARIFF WAR.

De Witte's Action Said to Be in the Nature of An Experiment.

HIS COURSE NOT WELL SUPPORTED.

Demand for Abolition of the Domestic Tax on Sugar, Which Falls Upon Consumer of Commodity.

St. Petersburg.—Shrewd observers in St. Petersburg believe that the Russian Minister of Finance, M. de Witte, in imposing a discriminating duty on American manufactures of iron and steel, was not animated only by a desire to protect sugar producers, but was eager to seize an opportunity to mobilize Russia's industrial army with a view of proving its ability to stand the test of a tariff war. It is believed, moreover, he desires to impress Germany even more than the United States.

The Russian press does not give any particular approval to the experiment. The Boerse Gazette, usually influenced by the Minister of Finance, warns both sides against implicit faith in the Bismarckian theory that tariff wars do not disturb good political relations, pointing out that experience has shown the opposite to be the case, as a rule. "We hope the friction will be as quickly removed as it arose," continues the Boerse Gazette, "since the political relations now existing between the two powers are the best they have known. Both are playing the game of the tertium gaudens, which is preparing a blow against both. Doubtless American public opinion is wiser than the sugar producers and the Government that is acting in their interests."

The Novosti, correctly representing Russian public opinion as to the Russian Government's sugar policy, demands the abolition of the domestic tax and of a system devised to enable a few lazy manufacturers to make profits at the expense of consumers. Russia's export policy, the Novosti continues, is designed principally to support high domestic prices. It is well known that one of the chief obstacles to temperance work in Russia is the price of sugar, which checks the consumption of tea. The Novosti reminds Americans that they are the principal commercial beneficiaries of Russian railway enterprises in Eastern Asia, and expresses a hope that the United States Supreme Court will decide in Russia's favor. "Reprisals between friendly nations," it says, "should remain as a last resort. Hitherto Russia and the United States have been able to settle their differences peacefully, whether political or commercial." Evidently the Novo Vremya's article was written before M. de Witte retaliated.

Americans here have long been convinced that one of the most formidable obstacles to the development of America's export trade with Russia is the lack of sufficient return cargoes to make a direct steamship line between New York and St. Petersburg profitable. Therefore, they deplore any action that would tend to aggravate the difficulty.

ROOSEVELT DENIES STORIES.

Says the Authors of the Statements Drew Heavily Upon Their Imaginations.

Colorado Springs, Col.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is in Colorado Springs and is the guest of P. B. Stewart, who was one of the members of the hunting party in Rio Blanco county during the first three weeks of the hunting. Colonel Roosevelt is in excellent health and spirits, and will return to the East in perfect condition for the arduous duties upon which he is to enter so soon. His time until the inauguration will be taken up with attending to his vast correspondence, the accumulation of six weeks.

Colonel Roosevelt is much annoyed over the hair-raising stories that have been circulated concerning his hunting experiences. To a press representative he gave the following statement: "No correspondent of any newspaper, no man who wrote or gave any information to any newspaper, was within forty miles of where I was hunting at any time during the five weeks I was out. The sensational stories, such as those describing adventures with bears and wolves, were deliberate and wilful fabrications, and I understand were written by men who were not within hundreds of miles of where I was. We did not see a bear or wolf on the entire trip. Aside from lynx and smaller game, our hunting was confined to hunting the so-called mountain lions or panthers. I got twelve of them. I never enjoyed a holiday more."

May Sink Oil Wells in Gulf of Mexico.

Beaumont, Texas.—Colonel W. H. Pope of this city, Judge O. M. Carter of Fort Worth, and others have received permission from the Secretary of War to sink oil wells in the Gulf of Mexico, in the vicinity of what is known as the "oil pool," near Sabine pass.

Use well-matured animals for breeding and keep sows as long as they are successful breeders.

KITCHENER IN THE FIELD.

Commander-in-Chief to Superintend the Chase After De Wet.

London.—A dispatch to the Daily Telegraph from De Aar, confirms the report of the arrival there of Lord Kitchener and his staff to superintend the chase of General De Wet. The correspondent says: "De Wet's force is now denuded of almost all transport vehicles, and his horses are exhausted."

Other South African dispatches report that several columns are pursuing General De Wet, whose exact whereabouts, however, is not indicated.

The Times correspondent at De Aar confirms the report that De Wet's commando is "extremely exhausted" and harassed on all sides. He adds: "Unfortunately the heavy rains have handicapped the movement of British troops from the north. The country is reduced to a swamp. The rise of the Orange river behind the Boers, which ought to have been an advantage, has only prevented the co-operation of General Bruce Hamilton's column on the enemy's rear."

"The invaders get sympathy, but few recruits, except mere youths. They are mainly armed with Lee-Netfords."

Dispatches from Pretoria announce that the Carolina commando has broken through General French's cordons eastward.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Pretoria says: General De Wet having crossed the Orange river with a large convoy, Colonel Plumer's column gave chase and inflicted a severe defeat upon his command at Philippstown. The Boers retired in confusion at night, through rain and mud. They narrowly escaped capture.

Colonel Crabbe, with a force of guards, was sent with an armored train to cut off General De Wet's retreat at Hout Kraal. He captured fifty prisoners and twenty wagons containing practically all of General De Wet's supplies, 500,000 rounds of ammunition, 600 shells and a Maxim gun. The Boers dispersed over the veldt in the direction of Britstown with the exception of the Carolina commando, which managed to break through the British lines and retreated westward.

Mrs. Botha, having obtained the permission of General Kitchener, has gone eastward to visit her husband, General Botha.

J. P. MORGAN NOW IN LONDON.

He is Now at the Head of the British Electrical Traction Company.

New York.—A cable from London says: The American army of invasion of commercial England receives an important recruit in the person of J. Pierpont Morgan. A prospectus to be issued by the London agents of the great American financial house of Morgan & Co., inviting subscriptions to an issue of preference shares in the British Electrical Traction Company, Limited, marks the introduction of Morgan into the field of distinctly British enterprise.

The company exists for the exploitation of intramural electric transit in English cities, and a number of tramways in various parts of the country are evidence of its last achievements. With the advent of the Morgan interest, however, it is intended to extend the operations of the company considerably.

For this purpose the company is issuing 30,000 6 per cent preference shares of £10 each at £11 10s., a premium of 30 shillings per share, and the firm of Morgan & Co. has underwritten the issue. While this only means a possible investment of £395,000, the firm receives as consideration for underwriting an option upon all the remaining unsubscribed capital of the company, amounting to £800,000. An area of electric transit is undoubtedly looming in the near future for England. Already, some of the larger cities, notably Glasgow, Dublin and Birmingham, are equipped with electric tramways. Others, like Manchester, are in the process of converting the old horse-power systems into electric. The London County Council is making desperate efforts to obtain power to change the systems under its control, but matters of that kind are notoriously slow in the metropolis.

Kearsarge Gun Explosion Not Serious.

Washington.—A mail report giving an account of the bursting shell in the bore of one of the big thirteen-inch guns on the battle-ship Kearsarge has been received at the Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy Department. The accident occurred several weeks ago while the ship was at target practice off Pensacola, Fla. The damage resulting is said to be not serious, and consisted mainly of the deforming or "gouging" of the tube. This will not prevent the gun being used again. The naval officials treat the matter lightly and say that such explosions occur occasionally.

Another Arid Land Bill.

Washington.—Senator Hensbrough has reported his bill devoting the proceeds of the sale of lands in the arid land states to the reclamation of the arid lands by irrigation, as an amendment to the sundry civil bill.

Hogs, if properly managed, will help the farmer who is in debt better than almost any other class of stock.

Americans and the Retaliatory War.

The Illinois Manufacturers' Association will try to assemble the manufacturers of agricultural implements in the United States in Chicago for the purpose of discussing the retaliatory Russian tariff. The chief object will be to canvass the situation with a view to its correction. It is understood the manufacturers will endeavor to get a sugar importer to protest against the tariff imposed on beet sugar from Russia and thus carry the question before the Board of Appraisers in the hope that the tariff may be changed.

Plan to Extend Land Laws Opposed.

Washington.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office, in an opinion upon the bill recently introduced in Congress providing for the extension of the general land laws of the United States to the Territory of Hawaii, with rules and regulations for homestead entries by the Secretary of the Interior, states that the passage of the bill at the present time would not be justified, because of the lack of data bearing upon the Hawaiian lands. The Commissioner recommends that a committee be appointed to collect the necessary data.

Swine Notes.

Always feed on a tight floor.

The first one hundred pounds put on a hog is the cheapest.

Hogs on good pasturage rarely die of cholera.

The farmer who produces the best pork at the least expense makes the most money.

With growing pigs good condition is essential, excessive fat detrimental.

Exercise is essential for the development and growth of strong, healthy pigs.

Breed only from nature animals and never from a show herd.

The sleeping places should always be dry, warm and clean.

Brood sows should be kept quiet and about a week before farrowing should be put to the sows.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. # #

Wood and Coal. # # #

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

No doubt there have been a good many times when Aguinardo wished that he was dead.

A drop or two from the beam of a scaffold may serve to knock out the knockout drop industry.

Even China's style of wearing its hair gives a cue as to its fate. It's downward and backward.

The chief beauty about "parlor golf" is that the language of the links may now be used all the year round.

Now that Punch has a new leading cartoonist, maybe it will go a step further and occasionally have a new joke.

People must be careful and scientific in using the new elixir of life. What is one man's salt is another man's chloride of sodium.

If the haze at West Point is done away with, it will so clear the atmosphere many of the lower classes there will breathe easier.

When the bulls in the stock market have everything their own way, it just means that the other fellows may grin and bear it if they can.

Those persons who are trying to get up a controversy over "Uncle Tom's Cabin" should step outside of the literary graveyard and have a look at themselves.

A foreign scientist has applied the power of the waves to generate electricity for buoy lighting. This smartness comes mighty near setting the river on fire.

A contemporary remarks: Whenever you can begin to dig a cellar from the under side, then you may know that you are wise enough to run a newspaper that will suit everybody.

There are some beautiful specimens of optimism among women. Here, for instance, is a woman, the wife of a newspaper man, who writes charmingly on how to be happy though married.

Grip is no longer mysterious. Its character as a germ-generated disease is fully established. And the early and complete conquest of all germ diseases is one of the safest prophecies of the new century.

With the announcement of the death of the man who first named Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency we are reminded that it has been a long time since one of George Washington's body servants died.

It may be true that five Harvard men have married chorus girls within a year, but it should not be forgotten that there are 5,000 young men at the university, many of them with much more money than is good for them.

Eros, the tiny new planet, according to Harvard astronomers, is only about twenty miles in diameter and comes nearer to the earth than any other body except the moon. Tesla should hail it and annex it. It would be just about large enough for an asylum for our erratic authors.

Modern science is extremely exact. The engineers who have been considering the problems arising out of the proposed Nicaragua Canal provide for a waterway nine inches deeper than the draft of large ocean steamships. The reason is that as fresh water is not so dense as the water of the sea, a vessel will sink deeper when it enters the canal.

The modern Sunday school dates from 1780, when the first school of the kind was started by Robert Raikes at Gloucester, England. At present there are 110,000 Sunday schools in the United States, with 2,500,000 teachers, and 9,000,000 pupils. The new proposal to employ paid teachers for Sunday schools is simply a revival of what Raikes did in his first school.

Two young people of Jersey City, desiring to marry and not having enough money, entered into an agreement, which was duly drawn up before a justice of the peace, to contribute weekly to the raising of a fund of \$1,500. If in two years the sum has not been achieved the idea of marriage is to be forever abandoned. This device has many points of merit in the teaching of economy, the test of affection, and so forth, but the most striking thing in the arrangement to the outsider is that the woman is to contribute \$10 a week and the man only \$5. This is not because his incidental expenses will be greater than those of the woman during the two years, but because though both are stenographers he is making only \$10 a week, while she makes \$14. At this rate, before the end of the present century, the man will not be expected to contribute at all.

So long as bread remains the "staff of life" there can be no more important subject for exact inquiry than scientific methods of bread making. Therefore the invention of a Chicago scientist by means of which the nutritive value of various brands of flour may be easily and exactly determined deserves more attention than it is likely to get. The same student has devised simple mechanical appliances by the use of which

it is possible to ascertain scientifically how many loaves of bread a given quantity of flour will make, and what will be the size of the average loaf, as well as how dense or porous it will be when taken from the oven. All these questions are important both to the wholesale baker and to every family which uses bread on its table. There is small probability, however, that these or any similar scientific methods will be generally adopted, at least in private kitchens. The ordinary cook is well satisfied if by applying some rule of thumb she is able to turn out products which are palatable. The day seems far distant when the private kitchen will be supplied with thermometers, "vermif" callipers, and other appliances which are said to be necessary to put the culinary art on a scientific and exact basis. The cook book, which should be a text book in the most vital and important branch of chemistry, is amusingly inexact and inaccurate. Its directions are that a dish shall be "seasoned to taste" and "baked until thoroughly done," while its constituents are to be "well mixed" and measured out in tea or table spoonfuls.

Dr. Jesse W. Lazear and Dr. James A. Carroll, assistant surgeons in the United States army, will rank high in the long and splendid roll of heroes whose profession has produced. Dr. Lazear will be listed among the martyrs of science, for he cheerfully gave his life that human suffering might be alleviated and the lives of others saved. Physicians have long believed that yellow fever and other contagious diseases are communicated by the bites of mosquitoes, flies, and similar insects. They also have some reason for believing that man may be protected against yellow fever by a sort of vaccination, much as they are protected against smallpox. This method, however, was still in an experimental stage, and facts were lacking which would justify its use in practice. To ascertain these facts and afford a positive test of the method of protective treatment suggested, Dr. Lazear and Dr. Carroll voluntarily risked their lives. Having first taken the protective precautions suggested, they permitted themselves to be bitten by mosquitoes which had been in contact with yellow fever patients in the Havana hospital. Both were attacked by the disease, thus proving the fact of insect conveyance of the contagion. They placed themselves under the observation of their colleagues, and both were treated with all the skill and care the latter could devise. Dr. Lazear died, regretting only his inability to witness the final triumph of science over his malady, of which he felt assured, despite its failure in his own case. Dr. Carroll recovered, and his report is declared one of the most important contributions ever made to the study of the prevention and cure of yellow fever. Whether the suffering of these men, and the death of one, will enable medicine to stay the ravages of yellow fever, as it has those of smallpox is, of course, a question which only experts can answer. But, even if the vaccination treatment shall be declared a failure, that fact will detract nothing from the heroism of these two American surgeons. They faced a painful death with steady fortitude, knowing that even if they succeeded in their test few of those whom their sacrifice would benefit would ever know even their names. They were willing to die to save others from suffering, without thought of personal reward or fame. The self-sacrifice of both and the death of one conferred honor on their country, and their countrymen should not forget them. History records few finer examples of that cool and intelligent courage which has made this nation great in all branches of human endeavor than those of James A. Carroll and Jesse W. Lazear.

What the King Liked.
The physician to the king of Portugal has positively forbidden him to eat meat. But the monarch is a lover of the fleshpots and on every possible occasion sets the medical man's authority at defiance. When visiting England a few days ago he was a guest at Lord Salisbury's beautiful seat at Hatfield. During dinner the conversation naturally turned upon the royal visit and the Prince of Wales, who was present, said to the king: "Now what has impressed your majesty most during your short stay in England?" The king of Portugal replied, thoughtfully: "Well, I think the English roast beef is very delightful." "Oh," laughed his royal highness, "but surely something else has impressed your majesty as well?" "Ah," enthusiastically replied the king, "of course. The English boiled beef is also delightful."

A Greater Need.
The Young People's Weekly prints a pathetic story of a poor, half-starved child, living in a city alley. Some one had given her a ticket to a free tea and entertainment. She was wild with delight, and was running to tell her mother of her good fortune when she stumbled over a child crouched on the stairs, crying. She asked what was the matter. The child said her mother had beaten her because she asked for some breakfast, and she was so hungry she could not help crying.

"Well," said the other child, placing the ticket in her hand, "take this, and get a good tea. I've had no breakfast, either, but my mother never beats me." And she passed on, leaving the ticket in the hand of the astonished child.

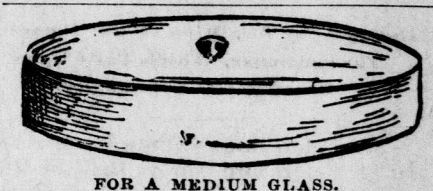
No person is interesting enough to make a call lasting over an hour. Everywhere you go, you hear tales about people who stay too long.

It is one of the privileges of man to live and learn—but some men seem to live a great deal more than they learn.

Children's Corner

For Ingenious Girls.
A little cover to make the glass of medicine in the sick-room look pretty is made as follows:

Cut a circular piece of cardboard, about three and one-quarter inches in diameter, a second piece one inch wide and about eleven and a quarter inches long, or just long enough to pass around the edge of the circular piece to make the side of the cover. The outside of both pieces may be covered with any gay-colored silk, taking stitches criss-

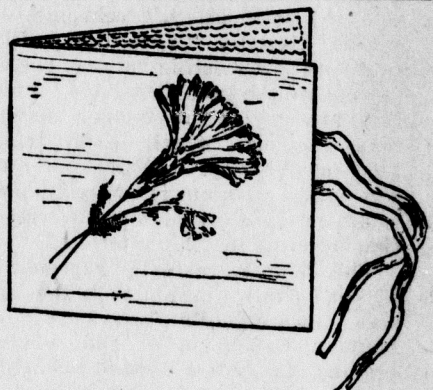


FOR A MEDIUM GLASS.

cross from edge to edge on the wrong side to hold it firmly in place. Now, if you have any white silk, use it for lining, sewing it neatly just at the edges. Sew these two pieces together, joining the ends of the long side piece after it is sewed around on the circular piece; the edges should meet exactly.

A bright round brass button, or a small length of two or three strands of sewing silk twisted together, with a tiny silk tassel on the end, may be sewed in the center of the circular piece, as a sort of handle.

A pretty needlecase may be made with two pieces of cardboard, four inches long by three inches wide. Cover each of them on both sides, with a very thin piece of cotton wadding, and on the outside with gold-colored satin or



A PRETTY NEEDLEBOOK.

silk, and if you can do so, paint or embroider a crimson carnation across the cold-colored satin.

Line the two pieces with crimson satin, and cut four pieces of crimson flannel, a little smaller than the covers, and pink the edges. Sew these all together in book form, with tiny crimson ribbon on the ends of the cover to tie it together, and you have a dainty needle book, which may be made complete by filling it with various sizes of needles. —Philadelphia Times.

The Song of a Picture-Book.
I was once a beautiful picture book,
And I lived in a wonderful shop
With plenty of friends, and I fondly hoped
That there all my life I should stop;
But out from my place on the well-filled shelf,
Alas! I was taken one day,
And bought by a lady for four-and-six,
Who carried me with her away.

Oh! yes, I was once so fair to see,
With pictures all drawn so daintily,
And verses and stories by dozens to read;
A sweet little book I was once, indeed,
When I dwelt, in the days of long ago,
In the beautiful shop where the picture-books grow!

The lady carried me off to her home
And up to the nursery,
Where the children at first admired me
Much.

And made quite a fuss of me!
The stories and verses delighted them all,
The pictures were sweet, they said;
And I feared so many pleasing remarks
Quite turned my poor little head!

But I knew, in those days, I was fair to see,
And the children made ever so much of me;
They read my stories and verses through,
And they loved to look at my pictures, too;
And so, for a time, I was pleased to dwell
In Nurseryland, where they loved me well.

But after a while they grew tired of me,
The children in Nurseryland;
Though what I had done to forfeit their love
I never could understand;

But they threw me aside most cruelly,
Never glanced at my pictures again—
My pages are torn, my cover quite gone,
And my heart is broken in twain.

Ah! yes, I was once so fair to see,
But now I'm as ugly as I can be;
My lovely pictures are all torn out,
My pretty stories are scattered about,
All crumpled and soiled, and thrown on the floor—
Oh! would I were back in the shop once more!
—Cassell's Little Folks.

Primitive Way of Lighting a Fire.
Sir Joseph Fayrer, who served a long time in India as surgeon-general of the British army, gives an account of the method used by the Burmese natives in producing fire. Matches are unknown in many parts of the Orient; are not needed, in fact, for most Oriental people are skilled in ways of obtaining flame through friction. A Burmese messenger brought a note to Sir Joseph one day and while he was writing the reply for the waiting man he noticed an object somewhat like a boy's popgun suspended by his waist. In reply to an inquiry the native told him that it was

an implement for producing fire and gave a practical illustration of its working. A small tube several inches long and closed at one end, held a tightly fitted piston; the latter was hollowed slightly at the lower end and smeared with wax to receive a bit of cotton or tinder, which adhered when pressed into it. Placing a small wisp of cotton upon the wax, the messenger fitted the piston into the tube and forced it down by striking it a sharp blow. When it was withdrawn the cotton was on fire, having become ignited by the sudden concussion of the compressed air.

Not What He Came For.
It was little Willie's first day at school and the teacher called him to her side and pointing to the first letter of the alphabet said: "What letter is this, Willie?" "I'm not going to tell you," replied the little fellow. "Why not?" asked the astonished teacher. "Because," answered Willie, "I didn't come here to teach you."

All Had Leaves.
Nellie, aged 4, was found by her father one day with her chubby hands full of roses from a bush upon which he had bestowed much care. "Nellie," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pluck one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," answered Nellie, innocently, "but they all had leaves."

Killed by Frost.
Katydids, grasshoppers, crickets and beetles are killed by the frost and the eggs which they hide in the ground or conceal in the bark of trees furnish the supply for the next year. These hatch out in the warm days of spring.

An Offensive Weapon.
On every rainy day the umbrella shows of what it is capable in careless hands. Few know how to carry this useful article in a manner conducive to peace. Why is it that the big, tall man who is passing one on the street draws his umbrella down as close to his head as possible and allows one, if she is a tiny little woman, to stand on her toes and stretch her arm to the breaking point in order to pass the dripping article he carries over him?

Why is it, one is also impelled to ask, that a man in a car unhesitatingly rests his umbrella against the knee of the feminine creature next to him, or so poises it that brown drops from its surface fall into the shoe of his neighbor?

The etiquette of the umbrella seems comparatively unknown to humanity at large. Perhaps there isn't any written etiquette on the subject, and that's the reason that certain persons passing each other raise their umbrellas high above their heads at the same moment, lower them again and then stand and stare foolishly at each other until one or the other has presence of mind to flit by, carrying his reversed like a banner.

An umbrella in the hands of the absent-minded is really a dangerous weapon; at least that is what one young woman recently declared; but then she had just had an unhappy experience, for a careless mortal standing beside her under an awning had closed his with so much force that her new rainy-day suit, her gray hat and fluffy white silk collar were literally besprinkled and would have to be renovated by a cleaner.

Perhaps some day a practical American will open a little school and give lessons in umbrella carrying, opening and shutting. Then we'll feel much safer when the raindrops fall.

Frail Human Nature.
"The many schemes to which people resort in attempting to swindle us out of paltry sums of money are calculated to make a man lose all confidence in human nature sometimes," remarked the cashier of a Baltimore restaurant the other night. "A man who seemed to have plenty of money beat us out of a small sum to-day. He came in with a well-dressed woman and sat at a table with her. She came out first, with the man eight or ten steps behind her. She walked coolly past the desk without paying and out of the door. I said nothing, as I supposed, of course, that the man intended paying her bill, but I asked him as she reached the door, 'Is that lady with you?' He turned his head and pretended not to hear me. I repeated the question and still he did not answer, until he saw that she was some distance up the street, and then said, coolly: 'No, she was not with me; I never saw her before.' And yet I had seen them talking confidentially together at the table. I let it pass, but as a matter of curiosity I sent one of the waiters after them and the man overtook the woman around the corner and they went off together."

Too Much.
Some of the stories that come from South Africa have more than a touch of humor. A subaltern scouting with a small party saw a single Boer, and galloped after him. As he slowly gained the Boer turned round and emptied the contents of his magazine at his pursuer, but without effect. The subaltern was not armed, but riding nearer leveled his smoking pipe at the Boer and called on him to throw up his hands. The fear of the supposed pistol was too much, and the armed Boer became the prisoner of the unarmed Yeoman. His feelings may be imagined.

King of Sweden a Linguist.
The King of Sweden and Norway is noted as an admirable linguist. When the oriental congress met at Stockholm, some years ago, he addressed the assembled scholars in the languages of the nationalities to which they respectively belonged, and spoke with equal fluency in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Spanish.

Some men are like telescopes; you draw them out, see through them, and then shut them up.

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

The Christian Intelligencer records this incident of a stage-coach trip in western Montana, twenty-five years ago. A mother and her infant child were the only passengers. A sudden change of weather subjected the woman to more exposure than she was provided for, and before the journey was half over, the freezing cold had begun to creep into her blood. She could protect her babe, but her own life was in danger.

As soon as the driver knew how severely she was suffering he gave her all his extra wraps, and quickened the pace of his team as much as possible, hoping to reach warmth and refuge before her condition became serious. His passenger's welfare was now his only thought, and by frequent inquiries he sought to assure himself of her safety.

But the fatal drowsiness had stolen over her, and when no answers were returned to his questions he stopped, and tore open the coach door. The woman's head was swaying from side to side.

Instantly he took the babe from her, and bestowed it as comfortably as he could in a furry bundle under the shelter of the seat; then, seizing the mother roughly by the arm, he dragged her out upon the frozen ground. His violence partly awakened her, but when he banged the door together and sprang to his box and drove on, leaving her in the road, she came fully to her senses and began to scream.

The driver looked back and saw her running madly after him. "My baby! my baby! O my baby!" The horror of her loss made her forget the cold. By and by, when certain that she had warmed her blood into healthy circulation, the driver slackened the speed of his horses, and allowed her to overtake him and resume her place in the coach with her living and unharmed child.

Was the man cruel? That mother did not say so when she knew—knew that he had roused her and brought her back to life. He had done as God does sometimes, to shake us out of soul-lethargy and moral sleep.

When sordid cares and selfish success are deadening every spiritual sense, till our loyalty to Him, and even our consciousness of right and wrong, are being chilled to death, a sudden terror is often the surest as well as the quickest rescue. A warning incident or a shock of misfortune may be the salvation of a character, the restoration of a life worth living. Such discipline is not God's cruelty. It is His kindness.—Youth's Companion.

Christ's Coming.
Jesus came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes what'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Till the dawn of endless day.
—Godfrey Thring.

The Touch That Tells.
A lady in the Bureau of Engraving at Washington told me that when she was appointed to her post she was miserably anxious lest she should permit any spurious bank-note to pass undetected; most painfully did she scrutinize numbers, signs and signatures, until she was pretty nearly consumed by solicitude. At length a senior officer comforted her by saying, "Do not worry. Be careful; and when you have done that be tranquil, for the first time you touch bad paper you will feel a shiver as though you received a cold shower-bath." And it is much the same in our moral life; the soul also has a sensibility by which we detect the spurious, the unclean and the dangerous. Ever be watchful and cautious; life has no place for presumption. Scrutinize signs and signatures, but remember at last that you must know the sinister man, the spotted book, the equivocal entertainment, much as that official knows the counterfeit paper—by a subtle touch which defies comprehension. A man's brain is not the wisest part of him. He has instincts and perceptions far more profound and infallible than his blundering logic or prudential utilitarianism.—W. L. Watkinson.

Christian Fellowship.
The sweetest and most valuable of our gospel privileges and enjoyments. We do not make as much on the things that divide, and not enough on the things that unite. We magnify small matters where we ought to dwell upon and

exalt the more important and essential. The more we come together as Christians on the basis of common ideas, the more we enjoy our community of interests. But we may, and should, be drawn together by virtue of kindred experiences and consecrations. It is the knitting of soul to soul through song and prayer and devotion to Christ that most commonly starts enthusiasm and deepens praise and gratitude in Christian convocations. We may not always think and feel alike as to methods, but we have the same aims and objects, and these foster and develop a oneness of sympathy and a responsiveness of heart and life that render conference sweet and desirable, and result in a clearer spiritual vision and in a more intimate association.

Trials Our Best Blessings.
Our greatest trials are sometimes our greatest blessings. A providence against which we cry out, in protest, "Not this, O Lord, not this," we may come to look back on while we say in gratitude: "It was thy loving gift, O Lord, that we counted an unloving dealing." God's knowledge, like God's love, is better than we can know or imagine. It is better to trust God in the darkness than to choose our own way in the brightest light. What should we now be, if we had been spared our trials?—Sunday School Times.

FUTURE OUTPUT OF COAL.

America Will Be Required to Supply the Entire World Soon.

The British coal output having now reached a total of 220,000,000 gross tons, from an area of about 8,000 square miles, the opinion is prevalent that the maximum output of that country is within sight. This being the case, the question naturally arises, How does the situation in the United States compare with this, and what will be our maximum tonnage? Our coal areas of the United States comprise upward of 150,000 square miles, so that so far as area is concerned we have fifteen times as much coal land as Great Britain, and the impression might prevail that in due time the United States might produce ten times, at least, as much coal. Yet this is subject to marked modification, although thirty-five years ago the total coal production of the United States did not exceed 25,000,000 tons, and to-day it is at the rate of 250,000,000 tons per annum. Pennsylvania now produces at the rate of 135,000,000 tons per annum. It is very doubtful if the output will ever be more than twice as much as it is now, or let us say, 300,000,000 tons. Illinois, too, has an ultimate output of 60,000,000 tons, or two and one-half times the present tonnage.

West Virginia may in time produce three times its present output. For Ohio a total output of 35,000,000 is all that can be expected. Alabama we shall enter as 70,000,000 tons. Indiana may produce 10,000,000 tons fifty or seventy-five years hence, but at that time Maryland may be worked out, or nearly so, and if we continue that State at its present figure we shall be generous. Let us put down 20,000,000 tons for Iowa, and the same for Colorado. Kentucky will be a large producer, and 15,000,000 tons may come thence. Kansas and Missouri will probably not increase so much. Ten millions for the two is our estimate. Tennessee will probably produce as much as both, and so will Wyoming. For Washington and Virginia we may set down 6,000,000 tons each. The Montana output may be run up to the same figures, and the Indian Territory and Arkansas tonnages may reach 5,000,000 tons apiece. New Mexico may produce 4,000,000 tons per annum in time, so also with Texas and Utah. Michigan will probably never exceed 2,000,000, and 1,000,000 for Georgia is a liberal estimate. California, North and South Dakota, Oregon, North Carolina, Nebraska and Rhode Island may all be jointly credited with a product of 1,000,000 tons. Here, then, we have a total of 669,000,000 tons as the ultimate maximum output of the coal mines of the United States.

Unexpected Interview.
The author of the book of Antarctic explorations, entitled "Through the First Antarctic Night," says that once, in those frozen waters, a sea-leopard interviewed the ship's meteorologist, Arctowski. It was at night, and the scientist was established on an ice-floe, absorbed in his investigations.

The sea-leopard sprang suddenly on the ice-floe through a newly made crack, and then, without a sign of his intentions, crept rapidly over the snow, to examine Arctowski and his delicate instruments.

The explorer had no weapon at hand, and he confesses that he felt little liking for the teeth of the leopard, as it advanced and separated its jaws with a bear-like snort.

The man walked about the floe, the leopard after him. After making two rounds, the animal plunged into the water, swam round the floe, and then raised its head to get one more glimpse of this remarkable human being.

Arctowski made warlike gestures and uttered anathemas in Polish; but the leopard only raised its head higher out of the water and displayed its teeth menacingly. Now and then its lips moved with a weird noise, which seemed to indicate a willingness to meet the new acquaintance somewhere down in the blue water underneath the floe, where they could talk over the matter without interruption. Finally the creature disappeared, and Arctowski breathed again.

His Type.
Mother—What type is the young man that our daughter says you met in New York when you went to bring her home?

Father—Well, to judge from his clothes, I should say he was poster type.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

Newlands' arid land bill has been favorably reported from the committee on Irrigation in the House of Representatives at Washington. This is a good beginning for the friends of irrigation.

The electric road company has renewed its application to the Board of Supervisors of the county for a franchise for the extension of its road from Baden Station to San Mateo. Does this action foreshadow the repeal, or modification of the anti-Tanforan ordinance? Don't all answer at once.

BUILD DWELLING HOUSES.

We reproduce in this issue by request, the letters of Messrs. Struven and Birge of the Sunset Tannery Company and Land Agent Martin relative to the urgent demand for a large increase in dwelling houses in this town.

This question at present overshadows all others and should receive the very serious consideration of property owners here.

The time has passed for talk. The crisis demands action. Real estate has now a permanent value here. It is the safest and very best investment possible. The demand for dwelling houses is not a temporary affair. The growth of business in the factories already in operation has caused a demand greatly in excess of the supply. A new industry already under construction will increase the demand greatly. Other industries are in prospect.

There is not the slightest risk whatever in building small dwellings or cottages. It is not only a perfectly safe investment, but will pay a higher rate of interest than any other equally safe.

A beginning has been made in this line, but it is only a mere beginning, utterly inadequate to meet the demand.

A MODEL GOOD ROADS SYSTEM.

Wm. Calwell has something to say about the way they manage roads in Old Ireland, whence he returned some months ago. In building the road they excavate to a depth of about eighteen inches, or until solid earth is reached. Then boulders are piled in and brought to a reasonably even sub-surface. Having obtained in this way a foundation of solid stone, the broken rock or macadam is placed on top, and then the surface is brought to an even crown by finer material. Such a road is ready for traffic for years, provided it is properly cared for; and herein comes another phase of the old country treatment. For every two miles of road, a man is appointed who is commonly called a "surface man." His duties are to keep that particular two miles of roadway in repair, and for this purpose he has a cart, a shovel, a rake and an occasional pile of rock. He will be found daily removing the refuse from the roads so soon as it accumulates. Every rut or hole will receive immediate attention, the dirt being taken away and some of the rock from the rock piles filled in so as to keep the surface of the road in constant repair. Mr. Calwell says this system works admirably. No mud accumulates. The men take pride in keeping their particular two miles of road in the best condition. Furthermore the surface-men are kept in their positions. He knows one man who has had charge of one stretch of roadway for twenty years. The positions being permanent the men accept wages even less than those of the usual run of laborers.—San Mateo Leader.

What is there to prevent the adoption of this plan by our Board of Supervisors? It certainly would be an improvement on our present patch-work way of spending the road fund.

BILLS INTRODUCED BY HENRY WARD BROWN.

We are indebted to our assemblyman, Hon. Henry Ward Brown, for a copy of the Assembly Daily History, giving a history of Assembly bills, constitutional amendments, joint and concurrent resolutions. The following bills have been introduced by Mr. Brown, viz.:

174, January 11—An Act to provide for the establishment and maintenance of public libraries within municipali-

ties. To Committee on Municipal Corporation.

175, January 11—An Act to amend Section 880 of an Act entitled "An Act to provide for the organization, incorporation, and government of municipal corporations," approved March 13, 1883, in relation to the marshal. To Committee on Municipal Corporation.

176, January 11—An Act to amend Section 883 of an Act entitled "An Act to provide for the organization, incorporation, and government of municipal corporations," approved March 13, 1883, relating to fees of recorder. Read second time and ordered engrossed.

177, January 11—An Act to establish, ratify, and confirm the north boundary line of San Mateo County, between the counties of San Mateo and San Francisco, as the same was surveyed by Charles S. Tilton, William B. Gilbert, and D. Bromfield, between August 28th and December 28, 1898, to be the true boundary line between the counties of San Mateo and San Francisco, State of California. To Committee on Counties and County Boundaries.

178, January 11—An Act to enable steam railroad companies to complete their railroads, and authorizing the construction of railroads. To Committee on Corporations.

179, January 11—An Act to add a new section to the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, to be designated as Section 173, relating to appointment to office of relatives by Judges. To Committee on Judiciary.

246, January 15—An Act to amend Section 1579 of the Political Code of the State of California, relating to school districts. To Committee on Education.

247, January 15—An Act to regulate the letting of contracts for the erection, improvement, or repair of public school buildings. To Committee on Education.

248, January 15—An Act authorizing and directing the satisfaction and discharge of any judgment or judgments held by the State of California against any person or persons arising from their having been bondsmen for any former officer of said State upon the performance of certain conditions. To Committee on Judiciary.

303, January 17—An Act to add a new section to the Penal Code of the State of California, to be numbered 373½, relating to public nuisances. Read second time, amended and ordered engrossed.

354, 355 and 356, January 18—Relating to the estates of decedents. To Committee on Judiciary.

357, January 18—An Act concerning the fees of jurors in civil cases. To Committee on Judiciary.

362, January 18—An Act to amend Section 3951 of the Political Code of the State of California relating to the boundaries of the county of San Mateo. Read second time, amended and ordered engrossed.

393, January 21—An Act to amend Section 612 of an Act entitled "An Act to establish a Civil Code," approved March 31, 1872. To Committee on Corporations.

394, Jan. 21. To Com. on Pub. H. & Q.—An Act authorizing and directing the State Board of Health to conduct examinations relative to the purity of foods, drinks, and drugs, to enforce laws relating thereto, and making an appropriation to pay the expenses of such examinations.

Jan. 21—Read first time. To printer. Jan. 23—From printer.

Jan. 25—From committee, with recommendation, do pass as amended.

Jan. 25—To Committee on Ways and Means.

400, January 22—An Act to amend Section 538 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, relating to attachments in civil actions. To Committee on Judiciary.

524, January 29—An Act making an appropriation to pay the claim of D. E. O'Keefe for publishing summons in foreclosing interest of delinquent purchasers of State school lands. To Committee on Claims.

533, Jan. 30. Com. on C. & N.—An Act to amend Section 2524 of the Political Code of the State of California. Jan. 30—Read first time. To printer.

534, Jan. 30. Com. on C. & N.—An Act to amend Section 2527 of the Political Code of the State of California, and to validate all contracts for harbor improvements made thereunder. Jan. 30—Read first time. To printer.

536, Jan. 30. To Com. on C. & N.—An Act to amend an Act entitled "An Act to amend Section 6 of an Act entitled 'An Act concerning the water front of the City and County of San Francisco,' approved March 15, 1878, and to confer further powers upon the Board of State Harbor Commissioners," approved March 17, 1880; approved March 19, 1889, conferring further powers upon the said board," approved March 26, 1893. Jan. 30—Read first

time. To printer.

537, Jan. 30. To Com. on C. & N.—An Act concerning, confirming, and ratifying leases and other contracts made by an officer or boards of officers of this State. Jan. 30—Read first time. To printer.

538, Jan. 30. To Com. on C. & N.—An Act to enable steam railroad companies to complete their railroads and authorizing the construction of railroads and confirming and rectifying leases and other contracts made by any officer or board of officers of this State. Jan. 30—Read first time. To printer.

OUR SCHOOL.

The following composition, on "Abraham Lincoln," by Wesley Todd of the Sixth Grade, owing to an oversight, was omitted in our last issue:

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His grandfather was one of Daniel Boone's party when they came over the mountains to Kentucky. Abraham Lincoln's father and mother were very poor. They lived in a cabin called a "half-faced" cabin. Lincoln's father belonged to the "poor whites," as they were called by the Southern people.

When Abraham Lincoln was only seven years old his family moved to the southwestern part of Indiana. When Lincoln was seventeen years old he was a ferryman on the Mississippi river. One time Lincoln rowed two men out to a ferry boat on the Ohio river. The men dropped two silver half-dollars down in the boat for Lincoln. He thought he had lots of money now. Once he went down to New Orleans with wheat, corn and other produce on a flat-bottom boat. There were no railroads or steamboats to carry the produce from one place to another. They had to be carried on large flat-bottom boats rowed by a large oar. Another time, when Lincoln brought some pigs down to New Orleans, he saw that the pigs would not be driven, so he picked them up in his long arms and carried them one by one.

Lincoln had hardly a year of good schooling. He knew how to write. This was very useful for his father. He would write letters for his father and neighbors. Lincoln had very few books. They were (Kosop's Fables, the Bible, the Life of Washington, the Life of Henry Clay and The Pilgrim's Progress. He knew them nearly by heart, because he read them so much. When he would hear people talk about a subject he did not understand he would go off to some quiet place, think it over, and try to put it in plainer words. When he was a very young man he made stump speeches. He could speak very simply and people liked to hear him, because they could understand him. When Lincoln was a young man he learned to survey. When he had some money he would go and buy some books and study law and when he didn't have any more money he would go back to surveying and get some more money. After Lincoln had become a lawyer he would not take money from the people that he knew were poor, nor would he take the wrong side of the quarrel.

Just about this time the southern states had slaves and the northern states did not want slaves. Lincoln spoke against slavery and spoke so wisely and earnestly that the people liked to hear him. He was invited to speak before a large crowd in New York. A little later, in 1860, Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President. He was elected and the slave states tried to go out of the Union. The northern states went to war to prevent it. It was very trying, because the people blamed him for the battles that were lost. When all the soldiers were coming home from the war a man killed him in a theatre. All the country mourned for him.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.
A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.
Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.
A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.
An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.
Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.
Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

FOR RENT.

February 1st, the store occupied heretofore by C. T. Connelly, on Grand avenue. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice Building, or G. W. Bennett, care of Levi Strauss, 14 Battery street, San Francisco, Cal.

It costs more to put a pound of meat on a board than on a barrow, consequently castrate early.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for our establish manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE GRAND SCHEMER

AN INTERVIEW IN WHICH HE TALKED TO GOOD EFFECT.

He Joyfully Subscribes to a Home and Philanthropically Founds a Utopia—Then, Thanks to His Trusting Caller, He Indulges in a Substantial Lunch.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

Major Crofoot, grand promoter and general originator, was just making ready to go out after a luxurious 15 cent lunch when there came a timid knock on the door. It couldn't be the agent of the building after the four months' back rent, for he would have boldly knocked the door open; his landlady, to whom he owed \$48, didn't know where his office was; the tailor had grown discouraged, the coal man always sent his bill in the forenoon, and should it be a bill from the cobbler he would dispute its correctness. In answer to the major's "Come in!" a young woman entered.

"I—I have called," she began, "in the interest of a new industrial home soon to be established. I am soliciting personal subscriptions."

"My dear woman, sit down—sit right down," cheerily replied the major. "We may call this a coincidence—a curious coincidence. Not half an hour ago I began drawing up plans for just such an institution. It is to be called the Crofoot Self Supporting Home."

"Then you would not want to subscribe to another, of course?"

"Perhaps so. You may give me what particulars you can."

"It is to be a home where children without parents and friendless old folks can be provided for. In return



"PLAIN AS DAY, MY DEAR YOUNG WOMAN," for their board and clothes they will do what work they can. I believe they will make brushes and brooms."

"Exactly, I see. A noble idea, my dear woman, a noble idea and a grand charity, and you deserve credit for interesting yourself. We cannot have too many of these institutions, and I personally feel that I cannot do too much for them. You may put me down for \$10."

"That is very nice of you," she said as she wrote his name in her book. "I have taken 200 subscriptions, and yours is the most liberal of all."

"I never do things by halves, miss. When I enter upon a charity, I do it with my whole soul. You may make my subscription \$15."

"How good of you!"

"And now about my own home, the one I have planned. You will probably be interested in it. I shall erect a building to accommodate at least 250 inmates. It will not be an industrial home in the usual use of the term. Perhaps I shall change the name to 'The Crofoot Utopian Power company.' The first idea is the care and comfort of the unfortunate; the next to make them feel that they are not dependent upon charity."

"That is good of you," observed the caller.

"How best to do this was long a puzzle to me, but I have solved it at last. When Major Crofoot starts in on an idea, he never lets it get away from him unsolved. There will be no manufacturing in my home. The inmates shall simply eat, sleep and walk about. Your countenance expresses surprise, but let me add that each and every one shall earn his keep."

"I—I can't see how."

"The simplest thing in the world. In the basement will be a 5,000 horsepower engine. Pipes will lead to it from every room. That engine will be run by what may be called lost power. For instance, you sneeze or cough. There is power there, but it is wasted. You fall off a chair; you sing or whistle; you yawn. It takes power to do it, but the power is wasted. By a system of pipes all this lost power will be conducted to the engine to run it. No coal, no gas, no wood. Engine runs right along day and night and has power enough to supply all factories within half a mile of it. What the factories pay will keep the home going. Do you understand?"

"What an idea!" gasped the woman. "Not a bad one," smiled the major as he walked around, "and I am sole originator. All others will be imitators. All I shall ask of the inmates is to take comfort. As they rock to and fro in 250 rocking chairs the engine is worked up to its full capacity; as they move across the floor, eat, sleep, quarrel or make up they furnish me power. Out of 250 people 188 will snore in their sleep. These snores will give me a pressure of 50 pounds on the engine."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" she whispered.

"It's just making use of natural philosophy. It is not a stock company, and there will be no dividends, but I want outsiders interested. I want 100 people to take shares of \$17 each in order that they may help me run the home and receive a share of the public praise. The superintendent alone will receive a salary. May I offer you the position?"

"I don't believe I could take it. You see, I am only a volunteer canvasser."

"Exactly, but I am satisfied you

would make a good superintendent and see that none of the power was wasted. I can say that the salary will be at least \$5,000 per year."

"It is awfully kind of you, but I fear I must decline."

"Then I will not press you. I will, however, put you down for a \$17 share, and whenever you are near the home you are entitled to drop in and stir up the inmates. The harder you stir them the more power we get. Have you \$2 handy, miss? If so, I will use it for revenue stamps."

"I don't understand," she replied as she rose up with a puzzled look.

"Plain as day, my dear young woman. I subscribed \$15 to the home you are canvassing for. I put you down for \$17 for a share in the Crofoot Utopia Power company. The difference between \$15 and \$17 is \$2. You had best pay now and have it over with."

"But I don't see," she protested as her eyes grew big.

"Then we will go over it again. If you add 2 to 15 it makes 17, doesn't it? And you owe me just the difference. This being my busy day—"

She looked at him in a vacant way for a minute and then laid \$2 on the desk and walked out without a word. Ten minutes later she was back with the real estate man on the first floor, and the real estate man pounded on the door and called out:

"Open, you sleek, slick man, and hand over that \$2!"

"Yes, you talked me out of \$2," added the woman.

No reply.

"Open, or I'll kick the door in!"

"Yes, we'll kick the door in!"

The silence of death.

"Major Crofoot, you are a scoundrel!"

"Yes, a deep dyed scoundrel!"

But the major heard not the words. He had seized the money, locked up his office and gone down by the back stairs after his luncheon. He no longer figured on a 15 cent "grab," but his thoughts bounded forward to a 50 cent sit down with plenty of elbow room.

M. QUAD.

A Cool Housemaid.

A rather curious method of burglar catching was resorted to by an ingenious maid-servant recently in New York. As The Electrical Review tells the story, while in pursuit of her household duties the maid noticed a man's foot inside the clothes closet. She did not scream, neither did she jump at the door nor shut it with a bang. Instead she took a broom and began to sweep that corner of the room near the closet. Her approach was gradual, and the sweeping was done so naturally that it would not have aroused the most suspicious burglar. At last the broom brushed the door gently, but hard enough to close it to the fraction of an inch. With five or six more gentle sweeps that closet door was shut and almost latched, which she at length succeeded in doing by gently pressing her arm against it.

As the telephone in her house was so near the closet that the burglar would be able to hear her if she called for assistance, she bethought herself of another plan. In the back yard some telephone linemen were at the time making repairs on a wire that runs to another house in the block. She went out and spoke to them. They promptly tapped a wire, attached a testing instrument and called up one of the down town exchanges, which in turn got the house owner, who in his turn called up police headquarters. From there the call was sent to the police station nearest the house, and two policemen were sent around and got the man.

W. ANDREWS.

OTTO BERLINGER.

J. F. LYMAN C. H. LYMAN

LYMAN BROS.

Contractors and Builders

All kinds of New and Old Work.

Store and Shop Grand Avenue,

South San Francisco.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

Weight by Inches.

"Forty and a half," sung out the cutter of a Chestnut street tailoring firm as he passed the tape across a customer's chest. Thirty-eight was registered when the measure girded the customer's waist, and then the cutter stepped back and sized up the patron's height as compared with that of the salesman who was recording the measurements. "Your weight is 165 pounds," he said.

"One sixty-seven," spoke up the man who was being measured for a coat. "How did you guess it?"

"No guesswork about it. I simply compared your height with that of the salesman here, who is 5 feet 8 inches tall. You are about two inches taller, or, say, 5 feet 10 inches. With chest and waist measurements and a man's height figured out I can come within a pound or two of his weight every time, as my close estimate of your avoirdupois proves. Of course there are exceptions, notably the man with the very slim waist and wide shoulders, who is invariably much lighter in build than his appearance and measurements indicate. In that case I drop about ten pounds from my figures and manage to come pretty near the mark."—Philadelphia Record.

NOTICE!

Change of Principal Place of Business of the Western Turf Association.

WHEREAS, There has been duly obtained and filed in the office of this corporation, the written consent of more than two-thirds of the stockholders of this corporation to the removal and change of the principal place of business of this corporation from South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California.

Now, therefore, such principal place of business is hereby ordered removed from South San Francisco, Cal., said removal to take effect on Monday, the 28th day of January, A. D. 1901; and the Secretary is hereby directed to advertise said intended removal by publication of notice thereof for once a week for three successive weeks in The Enterprise, a weekly newspaper, published at South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California.

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION, By D. LYNCH PRINGLE, Secretary.

Notice of Dissolution of Co-partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership heretofore existing between W. J. Andrews and Otto Berlinger under the firm name and style of South San Francisco Market, at South San Francisco, San Mateo County, State of California, has been dissolved by mutual consent this 1st day of January, 1901.

All liabilities of said co-partnership will be paid by Otto Berlinger, to whom all debts due said co-partnership will be paid.

W. J. ANDREWS, OTTO BERLINGER.

J. F. LYMAN C. H. LYMAN

LYMAN BROS.

Contractors and Builders

All kinds of New and Old Work.

Store and Shop Grand Avenue,

South San Francisco.

TOWN NEWS.

Weeping weather.
Build dwelling houses.
Waring won last Saturday's big race at Tanforan.
Good investment: build cottages.
Good crowds at Tanforan, despite bad weather.

Build dwelling houses.
The ways of a County Board of Supervisors are past finding out.

The one thing needful—more dwelling houses for workingmen.

Under Sheriff Henry Butts is becoming a familiar figure about town.

Mrs. Charles Johnson and little son have been quite ill the past week.

W. L. Stevens of the Abbey House, near Ocean View, was in town Tuesday.

If you are looking for a gilt-edged investment, try building cottages in this town.

The Hotel Mateo, at San Mateo, has been leased and reopened by San Francisco parties.

The three idle men mentioned not long since have ceased idling. We like to mention it.

Mr. and Mrs. Anjour of Danville, Contra Costa county, paid our town a visit on Monday.

The Lyman Bros. have commenced work on Mrs. Frost's new residence flats on Commercial avenue.

Build cottages; there's good money in it and no risk.

Mrs. M. Hawes continues to improve at the hospital. Her many friends here pray for her speedy recovery.

Keep in mind the entertainment at Butchers' Hall this evening under the auspices of Woodmen of the World.

What has become of the long-pending proposition for a Catholic Church in our town? The Lord knows it is needed.

There is a movement on foot here to establish a strong first-class baseball team. May the enterprise be entirely successful.

P. F. Gilroy, special agent of the Phoenix Insurance Company, paid our town a visit on Saturday last on business for his company.

S. H. Sears has been all week serving as keeper of the Grand Hotel at Baden, which was attached by creditors.—Times-Gazette.

Instead of putting your money in oil, put it in dwellings and cottages here, where you can see your investment and be sure it is safe.

J. L. Wood has completed a bulkhead of 50 feet in length and 2½ feet in height in front of the Tyson cottages on Grand avenue.

If anything of local interest to you fails to appear in The Enterprise it is your own fault. Send in your local items and "faith we'll print 'em."

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Have you seen the unusually varied and choice line of new goods at the People's Store? If not, it will repay you to drop in and inspect for yourself.

A large force of men are at work on the Standard Electric Company's Blue Lake line between Alviso and San Jose. Redwood City will be a distributing station.—Leader, San Mateo.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Peter Pingi has rented and occupied one of the Hansbrough flats on Grand avenue. Mr. Pingi has taken unto himself a helpmate and will hereafter jog along life's journey in double harness.

Mr. Elliott, expert employed to examine the books and accounts of county and township officers, inspected the books and accounts of the Justice of the Peace for the First Township, on Saturday last.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Are there not enough of young workingmen in this town to justify and cause the opening of a night school here, or is the school a missing quantity because all of the young people are sufficiently enlightened?

Some of our thoughtless citizens are in the habit of driving across the paved sidewalks and across lots to save going around a block on the driveways. This is a shame and we trust this mention will cause its discontinuance.

The following is a list of those in our town who are on the sick list, mostly victims of the prevailing la grippe: Mrs. Allan Roddick, Mrs. Schulties, Mrs. E. Adams and Mr. Vandorn; also Mrs. V. Wagner of the Sierra Point House.

The conundrum "Why is a newspaper like a woman?" has been successfully solved. The correct answer "Because every man should have one of his own, and not be running after his neighbors." Which is why every man in this town should subscribe for The Enterprise.

A free ride to all from San Francisco and to San Francisco to all buyers of furniture and carpets. The Pattossein Co., corner 16th and Mission, is just now having a challenge sale and the

prices are very low. No one should miss it; real Brussels carpet is going at 45c per yard.

This evening, at Butchers' Hall, Progress Camp No. 425, Woodmen of the World, will give one of its always popular entertainments in the way of a grand ball. A ladies' gold chain, donated by Mr. A. E. Shirley, will be given as a gate prize. General admission, 50 cents.

Never before in the history of the Recorder's office, have there been so many deeds filed as at the present time. The clerks in the office are busy from morning till night to keep up with the work. There is a big demand for San Mateo county lands and the many sales taking place give the Recorder extra labor.—Times-Gazette.

The sudden and terrible death of Mr. A. Bissinger and wife, in the recent railroad disaster near Winnemucca, Nev., came as a great shock to the people of this town. Mr. Bissinger was largely interested here, not only in the business of the Western Meat Company and Land Company but was also one of the principal factors in the Sunset tannery industry.

Dennis Donovan purchased a horse from a man named O'Malley, from Ocean View, Sunday, for \$5. It turned out that the animal belonged to Peter Van Winkle, who claimed and took the property, minus a saddle, which was sold to another party for a small sum. Dennis is a good trader, but he came out in the hole in this deal.—Peninsula Pennant.

There is still a shortage of .17 of an inch in the rainfall this season, the record to date at San Mateo being 16.04 as against 16.21 a year ago. The little sprinkle of Wednesday only aggregated a twentieth of an inch. Last Saturday the gauge showed .03 for the previous twenty-four hours, and the preceding day .45. The Spring Valley lake lacks thirty-six feet of being full, and it is evident that it will not be filled this season.—Leader, San Mateo.

Our local painter and house decorator W. F. Bailey, has just completed the work on the interior of his office and store in the Merriam Block. The walls and ceiling have been repapered in the most artistic manner, and an office room partitioned off at the rear end of the building. The main store room has been filled with a most complete stock of oils, paints, white lead and all the material and accessories necessary to a first-class paint store. Bailey is a first-class man and mechanic. He has come to stay and his store and shop is a valued addition to our thriving town. We wish him success.

We want the local news. Many citizens of our town regard incidents transpiring every day as insignificant and not worth mentioning. But it is these little things that make up the history of the village town or city. The local newspaper should be the town historian. The local news is the first news to be read in the local paper. We will esteem it a special and very great favor if our citizens will give us from day to day the local news touching visitors, coming and going, sickness, births, marriages, improvements, or anything however small, which enters into and goes to make up the weekly history of our town.

A quite serious and also somewhat mysterious stabbing and shooting affray occurred here Wednesday night. It took place in an old barn on the McCormick property. The participants were, so far as has been ascertained, John Cook, Jim Jones (Crazy Jim) "Muck" Marcel and another frog catcher (not named). The quartette were all drunk and got into a quarrel over some trivial matter. Jim Jones had his left arm run through with a knife and John Cook was slightly wounded in the right side—whether by a glancing pistol ball or a knife is not known, as both weapons were used in the fracas. Cook and Jones were never known to carry anything but knives, but it is said Marcel always carried a gun. The misunderstanding was amicably set up among the participants and the wounds were dressed by Dr. McCracken. The details of the affair are not known, even to the participants themselves, as they were too much intoxicated to remember.—Peninsula Pennant.

These convivial frog-catchers are not unknown to the local court of our quiet town.

READ IT.

Important to All Citizens and Property Owners of South San Francisco.

REPUBLICATED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

February 14, 1901.
Mr. W. J. Martin, Land Agent:

Dear Sir:—We expect to begin the erection of the buildings for our tannery at South San Francisco in April next and to be in operation as early in July as possible. We will employ in the vicinity of sixty men at the start and a great portion of these are men of families. In looking over the situation in South San Francisco, we find that today there is not a vacant house in our town, and, in fact, that the demand now is beyond the supply. We understand that there are many owners of vacant lots in the town and we particularly desire that you acquaint these lot owners with the present situation and what they can expect in the immediate future. It is our earnest wish that our employees live close to their work, and we think some effort ought to be made by the citizens and lot owners of the town to see to it that

PCE A. PONIATOWSKI, President.

CHARLES L. FAIR, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

—Will Have—

75 Days of Racing

Beginning November 19, 1900

AT TANFORAN PARK.

First Meeting—Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.

Second Meeting—Monday, Dec. 17, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

Third Meeting—Monday, Jan. 21, 1901, including Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

Fourth Meeting—Monday, Feb. 25, 1901, including Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Fifth Meeting—Monday, March 25, 1901, including Saturday, April 3, 1901.

Sixth Meeting—Monday, April 22, 1901, including Saturday, May 4, 1901.

of which three days of the last week will be given up to the California Pony and Steeple Chase Association.

Magnificent Racing is Confidently Expected.

D. LYNCH PRINGLE, Secretary. RALPH H. TOZER, Racing Secretary.

houses be built. Yours, Struven & Birgle, Props. Sunset Tannery.

Mr. E. E. Cunningham.

Editor Enterprise: Dear Sir:—The foregoing speaks for itself. As a business proposition it should appeal to each and every lot owner in our town. When the Land Company was urged some time ago to build houses a violent protest came from many lot owners who felt that if the company built houses it would deprive them of the legitimate earnings of their investments and so the company did nothing. Now the situation has reached a climax. Houses we must have, not only for immediate use but to meet the influx which the new tannery is sure to create, and not later than July of this year. Our town should double in population this year, and it is not only a business opportunity but a public duty for each citizen and lot owner to see to it that this result is obtained. Kindly give these communications prominence in your paper, and oblige, Yours, etc., W. J. MARTIN.

Redwood City February 18, 1901.

Mr. W. J. Martin, South San Francisco:

Dear Sir:—I notice in the last issue of The Enterprise your communication calling attention of lot owners to the necessity for more dwellings, for the accommodation of employees in the new enterprises, now and about to be started in South San Francisco. We are firmly of the opinion that these enterprises are of a permanent character, and therefore that "the town has come to stay," and that all investments made in supplying the employees with convenient and comfortable dwellings will return a good interest upon the amount invested. We shall be pleased at all times to lend to any lot owners upon reasonable terms, the amount necessary to improve the same and trust that your appeal may meet with a hearty response.

Yours for the building of homes and good of the town, San Mateo County Building & Loan Association.

By George W. Lovie, Secretary.

BASEBALL LEAGUE FORMED.

The managers of the different baseball clubs intending to join the league met in Assessor Hayward's office at the court-house Sunday and elected P. P. Chamberlain president of the league and George McFarland secretary. An appropriate name was selected.—San Mateo County Amateur Baseball League. It was decided to play the first series of games March 3d. Each club is to present sixteen names on or before the 24th instant, which must constitute the players for the season. Menlo and Redwood will play at the latter place on the 3d, Mountain View and South San Francisco at former place on that day and Mayfield and San Mateo on latter's diamond. Another meeting will be held to arrange the schedule. The clubs are fast getting in trim and some good baseball playing may be seen, even at the first game.—Times-Gazette.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$200 a year, sure pay. Honestly more than experienced required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 324 Dearborn St., Chicago.

W. E. GILMAN P. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

Tanforan Park,

South San Francisco, Cal. Western Turf Race Track.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block.

H. G. Pygmire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Mr. McEwen's.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

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FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery

and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHELFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWRIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairs Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

DIARY OF A BOARDER.

MONDAY.

Roast beef to-night for dinner!
I ate to beat the Dutch.
A treat like that's unusual;
We don't get many such.

TUESDAY.

The aftermath we've garnered
Of yesterday's delight,
From that fine roast they gave us
Some nice cold cuts to-night.

WEDNESDAY.

That luscious roast of Monday
Is lingering with us yet;
'Twas served to us this evening,
Disguised as beef croquette.

THURSDAY.

It seems Miss Skimp's investment
In roast was not so rash
As we supposed. This evening
'Twas served again—as hash.

FRIDAY.

To-day we were all grateful
To get a little fish,
No beef, we hope, remaining
To form another dish.

SATURDAY.

Ah, me! To-night we greeted
Once more our dear old friend—
The beef bones boiled for "potage!"
Well, this must be the end.

SUNDAY.

Gee whiz! This beats the record!
Last Thursday's hash—oh, my—
With crust and raisins added,
Is served as hot mince pie.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

MARTIN'S FIREMAN.

Did you ever hear of a railway president running as fireman on an engine? Well, I know of one who did, and if you've got time to listen to it, I will tell you the story now.

It was in the summer of 1885 that I was firing on a single track line that runs up from Junction City through Georgetown, a matter of 110 miles. The line was owned mostly by a man named Theford, who was president and superintendent all in one.

I had been firing on the line for two years back; all the time with one driver, Bob Hunter by name, and a finer man never lived. I suppose it would be only natural for me to speak well of Bob, anyway, for I was clean head over ears in love with his pretty daughter, Molly, and was only waiting for a bit of rise in my pay to make her Mrs. Jim Martin. Though I didn't see any chance for that rise where I was, I didn't like to leave and go on another line, for that would take me away from Molly.

One day Bob says to me: "Jim, ain't you and Molly never going to get married?" "Just as soon as I can get my rise," says I, "but I don't see how I'm going to get it here."

"Why don't you go and ask Billy?" says he.

You see, Billy was always what we called Mr. Theford—behind his back, of course—for warrant you, we were mighty polite to his face.

"He won't do anything for me," says I, "for you know either one of the cleaners up to Georgetown would be glad enough to jump into my place, and he ain't going to give me a rise just to please me."

"Well," says Bob, "it won't do any hurt to try it."

So next day I washed up and went to the company's office, and asked for Mr. Theford. After a few minutes he sent word to me that he would see me, and in I went. There he sat—a large, heavily built man, with big side whiskers and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on his nose.

"What is it, my man? I'm very busy," says he.

So I up and told him what I wanted. "How much are you getting now?" says he.

"Forty-five dollars a month," says I. "I don't see how we can give you anything more, my good fellow. You see, yours is not a very responsible position; merely one that requires a little bodily strength. And we can find plenty of men who would be only too glad to take your place at that salary."

With that he turned to a letter he was writing, and I knew I had no more business there. I tell you I felt sore to be told it didn't take much to know how to fire an engine, and I came mighty near throwing my job up and trying to get on another line. But Molly persuaded me to hold on a little longer.

Now, before I come to the particular point of this yarn, I want to tell you a little about the line. I have said it was a single track one running from Junction City to Georgetown. The latter place was a little town of 500 or 600 inhabitants; but in the summer a great many Chicago people came up there, and so I suppose the line paid. Anyhow, Theford, who had a summer place there, was rich enough to run it for himself alone if he wanted to.

Bob lived at Georgetown and I boarded with him. Our trips began at 8 in the morning, and we generally ran the 110 miles in five hours. Then at 3 in the afternoon we came back, getting home at 8. As soon as we reached the roundhouse at Georgetown our day's work was over, for the cleaners took the engine then, cleaned and polished her, and laid the fire already to start the next morning.

Well, as I said, I hung on to my job, hoping that something would turn up that would give me a lift, till one day

in August. The whole summer had been uncommon hot, but that day went ahead of anything I ever saw. Of course while we were running we had a breeze, but the minute we stopped it seemed as if we were in a furnace, and naturally, working as we were near a hot fire didn't improve things.

On the home trip Bob was taken sick and had all he could do to hold out till we got to the home station, when he got home as soon as possible. After the train was emptied I ran the engine to the roundhouse, expecting to go straight home and wash up. But when I ran the engine in the first thing I saw was my two cleaners laid out on a heap of ashes, dead drunk.

Here was a pretty mess, for it would certainly take me until midnight to get the machine in proper trim for the next day's run; and a hot, greasy job it was in any weather, but on such a night as that it was frightful to think of it. However, there was no help for it, and I started in.

I had barely made a beginning when I heard someone coming in at the door. Looking up, I saw that it was Billy Theford. In a very excited voice he asked where Hunter was.

"Home," I said, "and so sick he can't hold his head up."

"Heavens!" said he; "I shall be ruined!"

Then he went on to say that if he wasn't in Chicago the next day, some deal, I think he called it, would fall through, and it would cost him a quarter of a million.

"There's a train goes through Junction City at 11:05 that will get you to Chicago in time," says I.

"What good'll that do me?" says he. "I've been away for two days, and only just now got the telegram. If Hunter was here he might get me down; but as it is I may as well go home and let the money go."

"Mr. Theford," said I, "Bob is sick, but I can run this machine to Junction City in time to connect with the train you want; but you will have to fire for me, as my two cleaners are drunk, as you see, and there isn't another man in this village knows the engine from the tender hardly."

I hope that I have been forgiven that lie, for there were two or three men that could have fired all right, but it struck me all of a sudden that there was a fine chance to get even with Billy, and let him see whether it took any knowhow to fire an engine for a 110-mile run. It so happened that we had just wooded up on the home trip at a little station three miles from Georgetown, so we had plenty of fuel aboard to make the run with.

"Can you do it?" says he, "remember it is 110 miles, and it is 8:30 now, so you have only two and a half hours to make the run that generally takes double that time."

"I can do it," says I, "if you will jump aboard, pull off your coat, and do just as I tell you."

No sooner said than done, and in ten minutes we had the old engine on the turntable, turned her around and were off.

If the road was rough when we ran at our usual speed, that night, making double time, it was just awful. As we flew around the curves it seemed as if we should lose the track at every turn of the drivers, and the poor old machine rocked and swayed so that, used as I was to it, I could hardly keep on my seat by the lever.

If it was hard on me, what must it have been to poor old Billy? I could hardly keep from laughing in his face, as I watched him and heard him groan as he handled the heavy sticks we used for fuel.

The heat of the weather, added to that of the furnace and the unusual work, made him look as if he was in a Turkish bath. The water ran down his face, his stiff, white collar hung down on his shoulders like a wet rag, and his beautiful, smooth bosom looked as if some one had thrown a pail of dirty water over him. His hands were torn and cut from handling the wood, and take it altogether he was the most unlikely looking railway president I ever saw. Once in a while I had to shout at him to lay the wood even in the furnace, and would tell him he would get the knack of it in time.

Whenever he tried to rest I told him we were losing steam, and if he wanted to catch that train he mustn't idle over the work. If I had thought to hitch a car on when we started we should have run much smoother; but it was too late to think of that now, and so on we rushed (now through woodlands, now past grain fields, lurching first to one side and then to the other, until I expected every minute to land wrong side up in the ditch).

However, luck was with us that night, and we pulled up at Junction City at just 11. Poor old Billy could hardly climb down from the engine, but he managed to gasp out:

"Come to my office at 2 o'clock next Saturday."

I learned afterward that, finding the Chicago train was behind time, he hunted up a clothing shop and rigged himself up so as to look like a civilized man, which he didn't when he left me.

I managed to find a fireman who was willing to make the run back with me, and I finally got home at 3 o'clock, and finding the cleaners a little sobered up, got to bed as soon as possible, for I was clean played out. I told Bob about my trip next day, and thought he would die laughing to think of old Billy playing fireman. But all he said was:

"I'm afraid that'll settle your hash, Jim, for he will find out that you worked him more than was needed."

The next Saturday, at 2 o'clock, I reported at the president's office, wondering whether I was going to be rewarded for my extra work or get kicked out for my impudence.

When I entered the office there sat the old man, spick and span as ever,

and showing no signs of his hard work. "Well, young man," says he, "you helped me out the other night, but I would not go through the same experience again for \$10,000. At the same time I think you were trying to get even with me for not doing what you asked about your salary, and I have concluded that this line can dispense with your services."

At this my heart went down into my boots, for I can tell you it isn't an easy thing to get a new job when you can't bring a recommendation from your last place.

Then he went on to say: "I have a letter here from the superintendent of the Chicago and Western, asking if I can recommend to them a driver who has a sharp eye and cool head to run their new fast night express. I have written in reply that I can recommend such a man, one James Martin, who will report for service the 1st of September. The pay will be \$100 a month. I may add to you privately that I shall never apply to you for the position of fireman. Good day, sir."

That's all there is to my story. Molly and I were married and went to Chicago to live. I took the new train, and have brought her in on time every trip I've run, so you can see I've a pretty good record with the company. I've never seen Billy since, and I don't believe he wants to see me, for Bob told me the last time I saw him that they called the old man "Martin's fireman," that he knew it, and naturally didn't like it. There's my mate signaling for me now, sir, and I must go.

MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

White Ribbons Do Not Mean the Same Thing in All Places.

During the recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this city members of the reception committee were on duty at the railroad passenger stations for the purpose of according a proper welcome to incoming delegates. Among those assigned to the work at the Pennsylvania depot was a particularly attractive young woman, who was ambitious as she was inexperienced as regards the work of greeting strangers.

A train rolled in, and as the passengers alighted therefrom the attractive young woman was all in a flutter. She scanned the stream of humanity as it filed through the big gate and at length espied a well-dressed gentleman, who not only wore a silk hat but also a white ribbon attached to the lapel of his coat. The attractive young woman rushed to meet the well-dressed gentleman as eagerly as though he were her long-lost brother.

"So glad to see you," she exclaimed. "Come right along and I will conduct you to comfortable quarters."

The wearer of the silk hat and the white ribbon was rendered speechless for a moment. He finally managed to gasp:

"Beg pardon, miss, but isn't this a mistake?"

"Can't be a mistake," the attractive young woman hurriedly declared. "You see, we both wear the white ribbon."

"And what does yours represent?" the stranger then wanted to know.

"Why, it's the badge of the W. C. T. U., of course."

"Well, mine is the color of the winning horse in the last race at the Benning race track this afternoon," smilingly explained the well-dressed gentleman.

Consternation and apologies followed. —Washington Star.

AS HE SAW A GRAND OPERA.

Philadelphia Reporter Gives His Impressions of the Performance.

At the opera last evening Philadelphia's best and bonniest turned out to listen to the delightful strains. Mme. Melba sang the leading role and every box was filled—her voice being in excellent condition—in all three tiers. De Rezke also sang, the Van Buxter-Biddle occupying the first proscenium box of Germantown. Mrs. Van Buxter-Biddle wore a corn-colored gown trimmed with Yildiz sequins in bunches, the bodice cut on the slant. De Rezke never sang his role with better effect. Three of the boxes contained the Bigler-DeGauze wedding party, while the fourth in the lower tier was occupied by Mrs. Fitz Boodle, it being her first appearance in society since obtaining her decree. The orchestra was unusually good, though the gems of the score were somewhat outclassed by the gems displayed by Mrs. Fairmount Todgers, whose tiara was a blaze of iridescent splendor.

The entrance of a majority of the elite was largely marred by the stupidity of the manager, who persisted in continuing the first act while so many of our society's best were seeking their seats. Another gauche thing that was widely criticised was Mme. Melba's lack of good taste in responding to a final call when our leading society dames had already quite as much as they wanted of the opera, donning their ermine and sable wraps preparatory to returning home.

All in all, however, it was a highly successful performance, it being roughly estimated that there were at least \$250,000 worth of good jewelry displayed by the gilded social favorites who favored the operatic management by their presence.

The opera was "Faust."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Taking His Measure.

"What kind of a man is this John Smith?"

"Oh, he's the kind that thinks he can hold on to his umbrella by having his name engraved on the handle."—New York Evening World.

"So dark and yet so light," said the funny man as he looked at a ton of coal the driver had just delivered.



The burning at the stake of a negro on the soil of Kansas will strike many people as being a historical paradox, says the Chicago Tribune. For the ten years just previous to the Civil War the battle for the negro's freedom was mainly fought in the then Territory of Kansas, at least so far as actual physical violence was concerned. John Brown lived in Osawatimie, Kan., with his sons, and there commenced the attacks on slavery which ended with his capture at Harper's Ferry. There was civil war in Kansas over the slavery question as early as 1856. Its soil was invaded by a "Northern army" and by Southern sympathizers. Men were shot, hanged, tarred and feathered on both sides. Pitched battles were fought and more than one Kansas town was burned to the ground.

The fight for the control of Kansas became active when in 1854 Congress passed resolutions organizing the Territory, to be admitted later as a State, with or without slavery. Immediately a body of pro-slavery men from Missouri crossed the river and laid out Leavenworth, the first city in the Territory. During the next month a body of emigrants from Massachusetts, sent out as an anti-slavery colony, settled at Lawrence and organized a "squatter government." Andrew H. Reeder of Pennsylvania was appointed the first Governor of the Territory. Meanwhile the slavery men of Missouri were forming societies and planning for controlling the government of Kansas. When the first election for a Territorial delegate to Congress was held they swarmed over the river and succeeded in securing the election of the pro-slavery candidate.

When the first Legislature met at Pawnee the pro-slavery members at once drove out the few "free soil" members and changed the seat of government. Meanwhile Governor Reeder had been accused of official irregularities and was removed from office, and a convention of "Free-Soilers" met and repudiated all the acts of the Legislature. Wilson Shannon of Ohio was appointed to succeed Reeder as Governor, and he got to his new scene of duty just in time for serious trouble. The former Governor, Reeder, had been elected to Congress by the "free soil" party, and the slavery men met in convention and declared that to decline to obey the laws passed by the recent Legislature was treason. Two or three men were killed in quarrels over this question, and a body of 800 "free soil" men, including John Brown and his four sons, enlisted to protect themselves, while 1,500 armed Missourians marched over to oppose them. Governor Shannon was able to prevent a collision and both forces finally dispersed.

Amidst tremendous excitement and much violence on both sides a "free soil" constitution was adopted in December, 1855. Under this constitution Charles Robinson was elected Governor. But this action was nullified by President Pierce, who in a special message to Congress recognized the first Legislature and declared that the Robinson government was revolutionary. In order to carry out the effects of this message the United States troops in Kansas were put under command of the Territorial Governor. But the "free soil" Legislature met in spite of the Presidential prohibition. While they were in session a large body of slavery men from Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina entered Kansas, and the grand jury of Douglas County indicted the "free soil" Governor, Robinson, and all the leaders associated with him on a charge of high treason. Former Governor Reeder, who had been chosen Territorial Representative in Congress, and Governor Robinson were arrested for high treason. The authorities arrested many other free soil leaders at Lawrence and destroyed the Emigrant Aid Society Hotel and the Herald of Freedom printing office.

Then civil war broke out in deadly earnest. Captain Pate started out with an armed body to "destroy old Brown" at Osawatimie. For more than a month the fighting continued, and the Missouri River was closed to the passage of "free soil" emigrants.

Meanwhile the national government was taking a hand in the struggle. A bill admitting Kansas as a State was passed by the lower house of Congress in June, 1856. Under this bill the "free soil" constitution was recognized. On that account it was defeated in the Senate. When the "free soil" Legislature attempted to meet in Topeka it was dispersed by United States troops acting under order of President Pierce.

All over the country the fight for Kansas was exciting great interest and many organizations were formed to assist either the "Free-Soilers" or the pro-slavery party. The civil war in the Territory continued with increasing violence.

During the next few years events of sensational interest followed fast. Governor Shannon was removed. The Territory was declared to be in a state of open insurrection and rebellion. A number of pitched battles were fought between the "free soil" and pro-slavery forces, in which honors were almost equally divided; Territorial Governors were removed, resigned, and fled the State in rapid succession; John Brown and his men made a raid into Missouri, liberated fourteen slaves, and brought them back to Kansas; Horace Greeley and Abraham Lincoln made speeches within the boundaries of the State and gradually the "free soil" forces gained control. Finally, in 1860 the National

House of Representatives voted to admit Kansas as a State under the so-called Wyandotte constitution. The bill was passed by the Senate in January, 1861, and immediately approved. Charles Robinson was the first State Governor. From a civil war of its own the new State was plunged immediately into the greater war which involved the whole country.

A WILD RIDE.

Broken Harness Gives a Stage-Coach a Perilous Descent.

The descent from the easiest pass across the Blue Ridge Mountains thereabouts, known as Snicker's Gap, to the Shenandoah River is long and steady. At regular intervals a little elevation of solid earth, also known as a brake, has been banked up across the road, to keep it from being washed away by the heavy rains. A ferry, propelled by the river current, carries the stage coach across the Shenandoah, which flows at the foot of the mountain.

One day the coach, well loaded with passengers and their baggage, had attained a fair speed, when an accident to the harness occurred. The driver could not turn the vehicle in against the high banks on either side without upsetting it, and perhaps maiming its occupants. There was nothing to do but to "keep the horses on their feet and guide them."

Every time he reached one of the mounds across the road he had to exercise the greatest skill in steering over it squarely; but by coolness and presence of mind he brought his load safely, although at a tremendous speed, down the mountain. From long experience he knew where it was possible to drive into the river without getting beyond his depth, and as he boldly plunged his team into the stream an effective brake upon its speed began to operate. It soon came to a standstill, and the terror-stricken passengers drew a long breath once more. Row-boats came out after them, the harness and brakes were repaired, and the journey resumed.

It is not strange that this one occasion of the thousands of times this man had been down the mountain should stand out distinct in his memory. This is the way history is made up. Ordinary occurrences are forgotten, while an unusual event is remembered, the marvelousness of it seeming even to increase with the years; and the history of nations is but the enlarged form of the history of every-day life.

WON A TITLE WITH HIS GUN.

Hiram S. Maxim Is Now a Knight of the British Empire.

Hiram Stevens Maxim, upon whom the order of Knighthood was conferred by Queen Victoria, became a naturalized British subject on September 16, 1899. He has lived in England since 1883, going thither because of the lack of appreciation shown by the United States government for his famous inventions in gunnery. Mr. Maxim, or Sir Hiram Maxim, as he must now be called, is not only an inventor of auto-



matic guns but has paid attention to electricity and other branches of mechanical art. His time now is devoted largely to attempts to perfect a flying machine, and he has spent no inconsiderable part of his enormous fortune in experiments along this line. For his achievements in electrical experiment he was decorated in 1881 with the cross of the Legion of Honor by President Greys of France. The firm of which he is a member employs 14,000 persons and turns out everything required in war from the smallest automatic gun to a complete battleship. The new British knight is 60 years old and is a native of Youngersville, Me.

Not Very Guilty.

Somewhat suggestive of the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," is the judgment rendered in a Western town when, says the Green Bag, the most popular citizen had soundly whipped a tough character.

To vindicate the majesty of the law, the offender was brought up for trial. The jury were out about two minutes.

"Well," said the judge, in a familiar, offhand way, "what have the jury to say?"

"May it please the court," responded the foreman, "we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of hittin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze; and he done it."

The verdict was received with applause, and the prisoner received an ovation.

What He Meant.

"That was the year," said Jesse Sparhawk to the little group of listeners who had gathered to hear his reminiscences of war times, "that was the year that my cellar was so unmercifully overflowed."

"What do you mean by 'unmercifully overflowed,' I'd like to know?" demanded Mr. Potts, the town trial, from the outskirts of the group. "I don't gather your sense."

"I mean," said Mr. Sparhawk, after a glare at the offender who had thus arrested him in the full tide of recollection, "that there was too much water for walking, an' not enough for boating. I sh'd think 'twas plain enough."

Never violate a faith, desert a friend or leave a woman in an ill-humor.

NOTED AS FIGHTER AND FATHER

Pennsylvania Soldier Who Boasts of Twenty-Three Children.

John G. Johnson, a veteran soldier of Philadelphia, has the distinction of having fought in sixty-five battles during the Civil War and of being the father of twenty-three children. He is a watchmaker by trade and still follows that vocation. His personality, coupled with his record as a citizen and soldier, have given him a notoriety which is in inverse ratio to his size, for Mr. Johnson just gets inside the minimum army regulations as to height. Those who know Johnson familiarly call him Johnnie, but throughout the neighborhood he is known as "Fighting Fit" Johnson.

Mr. Johnson's war record is unusual and enviable. He has it on government paper, nicely framed and hung in his little back parlor, and he points out among its memorable citations names which bring up sad, brave memories of the greatest fighters the world has ever known.

Mr. Johnson went out at the first ringing call for volunteers which Lincoln made in April, '61. The Twenty-third Pennsylvania was his regiment and the stirring days when the press-rooms of the Palmetto on Chestnut street, near Fourth, were wrecked by a mob, which tossed the printing presses and editors into the streets below, witnessed the departure of that now famous corps for the front.

Johnson was then 26 years old and his daring and good spirits soon won a title and reputation for him among the fighting men of his regiment. Three times during the long struggle he received an honorable discharge, and each time returned to re-enlist. For, as the veteran said recently: "You see, I felt that I could fight better than I could do anything else."

Mr. Johnson's family record is just as strong as his war honors. His declining years find him surrounded by a genial, happy family of eleven, all that now survive of a detachment of twenty-three little Johnsons. It was common gossip in the neighborhood once that when the Johnsons, the Ryans and the Biffins (the last two aggregating thirty-eight children) went for a trolley ride no other family could possibly crowd on the car.

Mr. Johnson is just as wiry, keen and strenuous in appearance as a man of 40. He looks like a soldier, for his eye is bright, his chin firm and his form upright and active.

CIGAR COST HIM DEARLY.

Nine Hundred Dollars Is the Price Placed on the Smoke.

A plain two-bit cigar cost Henry Rosenfeld \$900 the other day.

Mr. Rosenfeld, George W. Hume and others were at the Merchants' Exchange bidding in rivalry for the bark Melanope. The bark was being sold at auction to close the estate of the late Captain Craigen, and everybody saw it was going at a bargain. The figure had been slowly and laboriously forced up to \$53,000, the principal bidders being Rosenfeld, Hume and J. J. Moore & Co. Rosenfeld had made the \$53,000 offer. Moore & Co. declined to go any higher. The question of a raise was up to Hume.

"Give me a cigar and I'll stop bidding," said Hume to Rosenfeld, turning with a confident, jocular air to his friend.

"No, I'll be hanged if I will," replied Rosenfeld. "This is the last cigar that I have." And calmly he took the coveted article from his pocket, lit it and began his smoke.

"Fifty-three thousand one hundred!" sung out Hume.

"Two hundred," said Rosenfeld, between puffs.

"Three hundred."

"Four hundred."

The bidding had taken new life and the auctioneer was so astonished that he could hardly speak.

"Eight hundred," was Rosenfeld's bid, and Hume raised it fifty. Then there was some hesitation, but Rosenfeld finally offered the \$900 and got the vessel.

"That was a good price you paid for that cigar," remarked Hume tauntingly.

"But I tell you, George," replied Rosenfeld, "it's an awfully good cigar." —San Francisco Examiner.

Out-of-Door Primer.

An exchange suggests the following questions for a new primer. The questions may be answered even in hot weather:

"See the corn in the field. Can the corn walk?"

"No; the corn stalks."

"See the pretty cake. Does the cake stalk?"

"Never. But you should see a cake walk."

"I have a rope. Can the rope walk?"

"Yes, if it it taut."

"The hen is in the garden. Does the hen rise?"

"No; the hen sets."

"The mercury is in the tube. Will the mercury set?"

"No, my child. Wait until July, and see."—The Watchword.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

Pliny speaks in his natural history, 50 A. D., of the good effect of "pouring oil upon troubled waters." More than eleven centuries ago the venerable Bede tells of a priest sent into Kent to fetch King Edwin's daughter, who was to marry King Oswar. He visited the bishop to get his blessing, and was told that the journey would be stormy, but that a pot of oil which was given him would still the tempest. When the storm came the priest used the pot of oil the bishop had given, and, lo, the tempest was stilled!

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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